

Dean Stafford

PARNASUS



Carl R. Felt



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Parnassus received little response to its suggested contest for literary material even though we were contemplating a \$50 prize. Does this mean no one is interested? Any suggestions or material can be left in the Parnassus mail box in the student activities office. Thank you.

FREE MOVIES

NECCO A.V. Room: Allan Resnais' "Last Year at Marienbad"
 April 10 at 10 am
 April 11 at 11 am
 to be announced
 April 18 at 11 am
 Fellinis' "La Stada"
 April 24 at 10 am
 April 25 at 11 am

Bradford Film Society at Bradford Junior College: Sunday nights at eight

Browning's "Freaks" April 16
Robert's "Jar of the Buttons" and "Keaton Sort": April 23

Note to Contributors: Beginning with the next issue of Parnassus only material bearing the full name of contributors will be published. There is a reason for this. The reason is that many readers see nicknames and initials printed with articles and poems, and assume from that that all contributors are a familiar clique. This assumption is a false one and the editors would like to see it dispelled.

Come meet our friends! The NECC Drama Club traveled to Holyoke Community College, where we presented "The Glass Menagerie" and now their going to visit our fair Campus (lucky devils). We'd like you to see them in their production of "Fatalities," three one act plays, "Zoo Story", "Krapp's Last Tapes" and an original play on Wednesday, April 19, at 11:00 (activity period) in Lecture Hall B. This exchange is the first such exchange in the history of the Massachusetts Community College system, and we'd like to show the Holyoke kids a good time (maybe we can have a mudball fight!?) so why don't you come see 'em on the 19th. Naturally there is no charge. They're a great bunch of kids and we'd like you to meet 'em. Jim

There will be a lecture by Dr. John Spurr "Darwin, Marx, and Wagner" in Room 212, 11 A.M., April 13, sponsored by the Philosophy Club--Any one is welcome.

EDITORIAL

We all know that there is a good side and a bad side to everything. NECCO has improved over the years but it has a long way to go. There are certain blaring injustices being committed every day that would have to stop if we only cared enough to stand up for our rights. We can't go jumping on the bandwagon of every fanatic who has a cause, but there is no reason as apparant as our own negligence for the poor quality of food and outrageous prices at the snack bar, for the total rip off by the book store, for the dissappearance of the remainder of the Student Activity Fund at the end of the year, or in many cases the poor quality of teachers and teaching methods in use at NECCO. These are just a few of the multitude of sins being committed against our educationally starved souls, all of which could be purged clear, if we all just spent a little of the time we waste each week and used it to keep ourselves informed, and express our opinions maybe through the many school publications and also use the Student Council and Academic Council to right the wrongs as we see them.

Yes, the choice is ours...we can either ignore it and get shit on for our full two years here or stand up to it and know we are the ones who will stop it.

Editor

Michael Langevin

DON'T BE SUCH AN ASS, SAM

Well, Mr. Hesle has asserted himself again, and how can any one not agree with him? What makes the students at Northern Essex think they have the right to walk on Mother Earth? Footprints in a giant mudhole are one of the most disgusting things I've ever heard of. All of us super intellectuals know what a crime that is. We've transcended the menial things like finding out what our capabilities are, expanding our knowledge, and experiencing human emotions. We know the important things are a nice looking school lawn, and nice looking trim beards. What if that student (the one committing the atrocity of walking across a lawn) was me? What about that, Mr. Almighty Hesle? I'd like to put footprints in your face. And just in case you think I'm taking a cheap shot, I challenge you openly to a public dual, any time, any place, and with any weapon, (including words, in case you want to take that route) Just contact me in the Parnassus office in the gym building, or shoot off your big mouth and I'll hear about it, stupid.

Paul Paris


PICTURES

The white unfinished
wall that stands
marked only with
patches
of time
cobwebs
of short experiences
of life
finger prints
of a few
who have tried to
touch
but still empty
and waiting
waiting
for the man
with a full mind
of pictures
who will bring
with him
his colored ideas
and slowly
with soft hands
and deliberate strokes
will draw the warmth
of freedom
and love
upon my mind.

tawl

TINY PIECES

As you raise your hand
to look out
to the tree tops
you see
feathery
light
branches
breaking up the grey sky
into
tiny pieces
and your thoughts
are being lifted
up
and out
scattering in the breeze
investigating
the clouds
and then
are brought back down
by the rain
and the monotony
of noise
will pacify
till your fingers hurt
(cont on next page)



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from squeezing
the arm of the chair
and you'll stop
and you'll go inside again.

tawl

When War Brought People Together

Overseas
bombs blew warning whistles
before they struck
just a few at a time.
Nothing compared to what we got today
but good enough.
Before Hiroshima
I mean what did we know?
What you don't have
you don't miss
We had a war to get into
and be men.
Women
tied up their hair
listened for the factory whistle
to turn out tools like hotcakes
for the team.
No spoilsports to cry
how honor becomes boys'
bodies in star-covered caskets.
Everybody bought bonds
were satisfied customers.
They knew where they stood
one for all
a big family of good guys and mothers
like national madonnas.

The V.F.W.
any night of the week
you can hear about it.
The commander
the fat one with the cigar
with his medals and men
drinking their Bud from the bottle.
Dim and heavy
pals pat each other.
"What's this country coming to,"
ask these comrades without a fight.
Flags on the walls
plaques
emblems
cases full of dummy guns
good for parades.
Ex-W.A.C.'s
loyal auxilliary ladies
put up pickled eggs
for their men.

Madeline Dirges



The Student As A Comedian

A comedian is a person who makes other people laugh. This is an art and should not be attempted by amateurs, because a professional comedian knows exactly why his audience is laughing. When people laugh and the comedian doesn't know why they are laughing at him he becomes a boob. Such is the sad plight of Northern Essex Community College where there are 3,000 non-professional comedians being laughed at. The rip-offs in the book store, the police guarding the mud-hole, the tyrannical janitors, and even the administrators are not their largest audience. The community and the state are the biggest audience. They frown on the thinking student who won't allow himself to be taken advantage of, but they enjoy and even laugh at the student who doesn't think and will be taken advantage of. That growing murmur we all hear is everywhere and it's growing into a horrid laughter that will haunt us for the rest of our lives. No juke box or radio station can drown it out. I suggest an immediate reversal of roles. Put the student back in the audience and put these less than scrupulous people back on the stage. Remember, wherever the students are the school is there too. Our shiny new buildings, with it's new fleet of janitors and dealers of books are conveniences for the students. They exist only because of the students, and should be used by the students. They should not use the students.

Tom Tulley

MISS HEROIN

So now, Little Man, you've grown tired of grass,
L.S.D., goof balls, cocaine and hash,
And someone pretended to be a true friend,
Said, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin,"
Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,
Just let me inform you of how it will be.
For I will seduce you and make you my slave.
I've sent men much stronger than you to their graves.
You think you could never become a disgrace
And end up addicted to poppy seed waste.
So you'll start inhaling me one afternoon;
You'll take me into your arms very soon.
And once I have entered deep down in your veins,
The craving will nearly drive you insane.
You'll need lots of money (as you have been told);
For, darling, I'm much more expensive than gold.
You'll swindle your mother; and just for a buck,
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt.
You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charm,
And feel contentment when I'm in your arms.
The day when you realize what a monster you've grown,
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.

(cont. on next page)

If you think that you've got the mystical knack,
Then, sweetie, just try getting me off your back.
The vomit, the cramps, your gut tied in a knot,
the jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot-
The hot chills, the cold sweat, the withdrawal pains,
Can only be saved by my little white grains.
There's no other way, there's no need to look;
For deep down inside, you will know you are hooked.
You'll desperately run to the pusher, and then
You'll welcome me back to your arms once again.
And onen you return (just as I foretold!)
I know that you'll give me your body and soul.
You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your heart,
And you will be mine until DEATH DUE US PART.

Anonymous

Let them say what they will
I prefer to think of us as the
bed people
People who need the calm and security
of lovemaking in dark rooms, on
soft sheets
To help face the sharpness of
inevitable tomorrows

DB

Glurbin,
the erotic fanny fickled glob
Had a problem with his erectile prophylactima
It seems that when he protracted in Desdemora's den
That the prophylactima would conglomerate in murky dung
Thereby creating rumors far and wide
About his pertrusions with the opposite sex

Glofara
Spooned fanny tickle into the roots of Balin's nest
In a lurid attempt to sap him with her svrup
But he knew better - and closed his oracles when she came
gallop ing by
Thereby avoiding any chances of misconscrewal or hurt feel-
ings from her tints.

D.O.B.

